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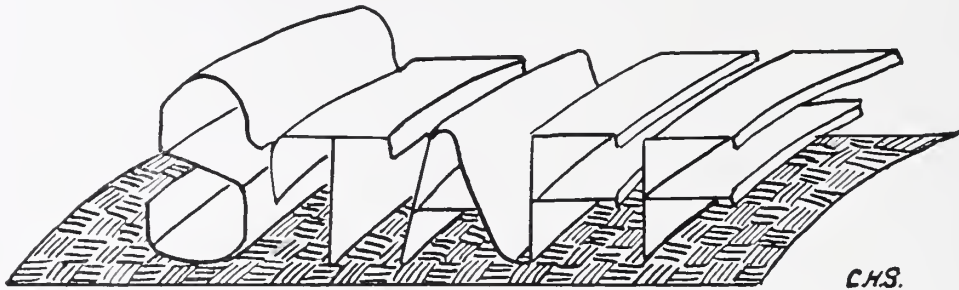
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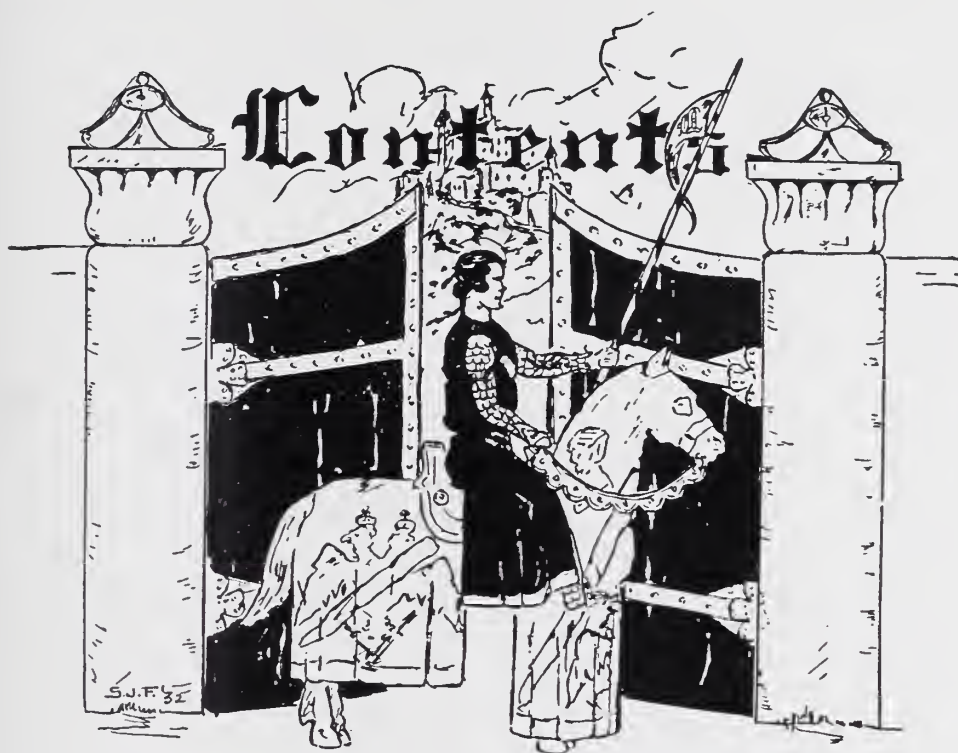
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STADIUM 6500

"Johnny" Morgan was a newspaper man—"Scoop" Morgan, they used to call him. No matter where a big story happened to "break", "Johnny" always seemed to be there. Take that six-alarm fire, for instance, when the warehouse burned down. Why, Johnny was eating his lunch in a restaurant right across the way when the blaze started. He was the only reporter within miles of the place. And then when "Killer" Stevens shot Louie Turner for "singing" to the District Attorney . . . Johnny was right around the corner when it happened. The "Killer" nearly knocked him down when he was making his "getaway." Yes, sir; Johnny Morgan was the star reporter of the *Morning Times*.

But that was before "Johnny's" luck changed. And change it did, for in the past three months "Johnny" had not brought in a single "scoop." During

"Johnny's" slump the *Daily Express* had nearly every big story. The *Express* was the largest competitor of the *Times*, and naturally there was a big rivalry between them.

That was why "Johnny" was downhearted as he trudged down the corridor to the Editor's office. The Editor had sent for him, and "Johnny" knew what that meant. Whenever Sam Davis, the editor of the *Times*, sent for any of his reporters, it usually resulted in a reprimand and, not infrequently, a discharge. Not that Davis was a hard man, for he wasn't. But, after all, business was business; and Davis was running a newspaper, not a kindergarten.

"You sent for me, Sam?" "Johnny" inquired as he came into the office.

"Yes, I did, Johnny," he answered as he laid the black cigar he was smoking on the chromium-plated ash-tray on his desk. "I've got something to talk over with you."

"Johnny" knew what was coming.

"Now, Johnny," Davis continued, "you've done a good job in the four years you've been with us, and I'm proud of you; but in the past few months you haven't brought in a single 'scoop,' and as much as I hate to say it, I think you're slipping, Johnny. You've got to snap out of it, boy. I know you've got the stuff in you to go out and get those stories."

"I've just received word from the owner of the *Times*. It seems that he's got a bet on with the owner of the *Express* about who's going to get the next big story. And Johnny," (Davis laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder as he said it) "it had better be us!"

"I'll do my best, Sam," "Johnny" replied.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Johnny,"



Davis added. "Because if you don't get that story before the *Express*, I'm afraid you'll be out of a job. Now, go to it, son; and good luck to you."

There was a glint in "Johnny's" eye as he left the office. It was a determined glint. He *had* to get that story. He *would* get that story.

The glint was still in his eye as he left the building and got into his car. He did not know where he was going, but he had to go somewhere.

As the car sped along the roadway, he thought of the rival newspaper, the *Express*. Now, the *Express* had an idiosyncratic system of receiving its scoops. Whenever any of its reporters got a "scoop" (I mean a story that would stop the presses and necessitate a change of headlines), he would call the special number, Stadium 6500. Every time Stadium 6500 rang, the editor of the *Express* knew that his paper had scooped every other paper in town, including the *Times*. "Johnny" knew that if Stadium 6500 rang before he had sent in a "scoop," he would lose his job.

But "Johnny" was not thinking of his job now! he was thinking only of the *Times*. He just *had* to get this story for the paper.

"Johnny's" fingers tightened around the steering wheel of the car. A storm was brewing, and the wind lashed his face like a whip; but "Johnny" did not feel it. Between gritted teeth he muttered "Stadium 6500 must not ring tonight." That was all "Johnny" could think of. *Stadium 6500. Stadium 6500.*

Oh, how that number beat into his brain!

At that moment "Johnny's" car was passing over a huge suspension bridge. Suddenly "Johnny's" car lurched.

"Say, that's funny; I could have sworn that the bridge moved just then."

When the car lurched a second time, "Johnny" stopped and got out to investigate.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" "Johnny" shouted as he looked over the rail of the bridge. "The bridge is swaying!" And Johnny was right; the bridge was actually swaying. The high velocity of the wind was evidently the cause of it.

"This is it!" "Johnny" cried ecstatically. "This is the big story I've been waiting for!" It never even entered his mind that the bridge might collapse at any moment, and he would be killed; all that was important now was the story.

Quickly he got into his car and rushed to the nearest telephone. Just as his car was safely off the bridge, it collapsed with an earsplitting roar.

"Johnny's" finger trembled as he dialed the number. His voice quivered as he reported the story.

The next day only one newspaper of the town had the story of the bridge collapse. "Johnny" looked at the paper with the glaring headline, and a tear fell from his eye, for the paper was the *Daily Express*. "Johnny" had been so excited when he phoned the story in, and the number had been so firmly imbedded in his mind that he had dialed Stadium 6500.

"TED" PRICE, '42.



THE HERO

The rickety, old ambulance plunged in and out of deep shell craters and rocked crazily over what used to be a road. The faded, battered Red Cross on the side was ragged and punctured by many bullet holes, mute evidence of the unholy war that raged about it. On the canvas cots within lay the wounded, tortured by every bump, moaning and shrieking with pain, and cursing vilely the God they thought had deserted them. In front, at the wheel of the ambulance, sat the driver. He was afraid. One could easily see that. Beads of sweat moistened his grimy brow; his fear-crazed eyes bulged with horror at the sound of each bursting shell; his tense knuckles stood out in their whiteness against his darkly tanned hands; his nervous teeth had bitten a bloody line into his lower lip. The constant nearness to death, the groans and curses of the wounded, and the whining of those leaden messengers of death had driven him nearly mad. In his mind he could see the Bronx, teeming with life; Coney Island, jammed with thousands of fun-lovers; Central Park on a Sunday afternoon. He would give much to bend over one of the public fountains and let the icy water ease his parched throat. Unconsciously he bent over.

A hail of lead rained through the front windshield. That mental drink had saved his life. Now his nerve was completely shattered. He couldn't stay here calmly driving into death. To the devil with those poor fools in back. They got into this; let them get themselves out. He was taking care of himself. He braked the ambulance to a stop and jumped out. He could think of only one thing—*Run!!* Anywhere, as long as it was away from that cursed truck. His stumbling feet started their mad dash when he spied a

mounted officer in the distance. Like a rat, he dived under the ambulance, hoping he wouldn't be seen. Hugging the ground and trembling with fear, he heard the clopping hoofs come near, pause, and then pass on. Meanwhile he regained his senses and realized that he'd be shot if he deserted these wounded men. He clambered back into the ambulance. On his way to the Regimental Field Hospital he passed a cavalry officer who waved cheerily, but he was too nervous to note this departure from the usual military strictness.

The next day, after he had recovered pretty well from his fear—at least he could master it now—the brass hats decided to hold a parade. Things were getting quiet, and they decided it would be good practice for the boys. Contrary to the usual procedure, the ambulances were included also, and they had to be shined and polished and have their disreputable carriages somewhat improved. With much grumbling and complaining, it was done, and finally, one Saturday afternoon, they had the parade, with all the big-wigs present. The parade was to go around the field, followed by a salute to the colors and an address by some Colonel. In no time at all the Colonel was getting ready to speak.

"Men," he began, "I'm a firm believer in the old adage, 'The longer the spoke, the greater the tire,' so I'll make this brief. I've been sent here to speak to you and to compliment you. Your division, every last man of you, has shown tremendous courage under the strain you've been bearing so heroically. This week, on my way up here, I personally happened to see one of those daring exhibitions of courage you men pass over so lightly—an ambulance-driver calmly ly-

ing underneath his ambulance, repairing it in the midst of battle. I inquired after his name at Regimental Headquarters, and for bravery under fire above and

beyond the call of duty I award this medal to Ambulance Driver J——."

A hero was born.

WILLIAM S. WARD, '41.



"I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT..."

As I was sitting at my desk, I noticed that the next day would be Friday. Friday was the night of our prom, and I was going. Not only that; I was taking Jean Hamilton. She was born in Canada and had just recently moved here from Connecticut; but she spoke with a Southern accent. Some one in her family must have been a traitor.

That night, when I went to bed, I dreamed; and *she* had light brown hair, too. I suddenly felt myself falling through space. I landed with a loud crash. Looking about, I found that I had fallen out of bed. Not only that; I had landed on the wrong side of the bed.

I looked at the clock; it was time to get up. While I was dressing, our cat "Sally" (we had found her in our alley) came strutting proudly into the room. She was followed by a small mob of baby felines. They were all of the same cheerful hue, black.

When I went into the bathroom, my father was just finishing shaving. "Hey, he called, "throw me my hair-brush, will you?" I threw it; he missed it; the mirror caught it and smashed. Then I caught it from him.

Going into school that morning I saw that the painters were still at work. I had to walk under three ladders to get to my home-room.

We had "study" first period. Then, for five consecutive periods, we were battered about by tests. They were all easy. I didn't fail any of them by more than five points. Four of them were marked on the scale of five; the fifth counted ten points.

While I was getting ready for the dance, the 'phone rang. Expecting the worst, I ventured a timed "hello."

"Hello," came back the reply.

Recognizing the speaker as Jeannie from the way she rolled her "r's", I poured out a tirade of jokes I had just heard. "Did you hear about the German immigration officer who got fired for passing a bad Czech?"

Jean snorted. "Jokes like that make the ice melt."

Unsuspectingly I inquired, "Ice melt?"

"You sure do," replied Jean. Then her tone grew more serious, and she said she was sorry, but she had broken her arm and wouldn't be able to go to the dance. I comforted her as best I could, and hung up as quickly as possible.

Turning away from the telephone, bitterly dejected, I happened to glance at the calendar.—It was Friday the thirteenth.

EDWARD J. KILEY, '42.

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. FORTUNATO SORDILLO: Asst. Supervisor of Music in the Boston Schools, director of B. L. S. band since 1923, conductor of Boston School Symphony Band. . . . Born 1885 near Naples, Italy. . . . Began to study music at age of eight against the wishes of his musician father. . . . Came to Boston (1899), where, after attending public night school and continuing his education under private tutors, he became a student at the N. E. Conservatory of Music. . . . Has played in many famous bands as soloist. . . . 1923 organized bands in Boston Schools. . . . Plays only occasionally now. . . . Has composed and arranged much music—dozens of instruction books, fifteen marches and a few overtures. . . . Accredits continued success of B. L. S. band to higher intelligence of B. L. S. boy and his appreciation of good music. . . . Married Dislikes wars and dictators. . . . Likes variety and enjoys world history. . . . Lives in Brighton.

MR. JOSEPH WAGNER: Assistant Director of Music in the Boston School system since 1923; conductor of B. L. S. orchestra. . . . Born 1900 in Springfield. . . . Graduated Technical High School in Providence, R. I., 1918. . . . First studied music when eight years old. . . . Graduated N. E. Conservatory of Music with honors in 1923. . . . Received degree of Bachelor of Music from B.U. 1932. . . . Studied under celebrated teachers here and abroad. . . . Organized his first orchestra in 1914. . . . Has taught at Rutgers U. Summer Session and at B. U. College of Music. . . . Was a member of the U. S. Army in 1918. . . . Has composed extensively symphonic and chord works, chamber music, songs, and compositions for pianoforte. . . . Unmarried . . . he believes in strict discipline. . . . Used to play golf and tennis, but now restricts himself to ping-pong and pool. . . . Has traveled extensively. . . . In his opinion the success of the B.L.S. orchestra varies directly as the size of the string section. . . . Summers in N. H. at the MacDowell Colony. . . . Resides in Brighton.



MR. EDWARD F. BRICKLEY: Teaches English in Room 221. . . . Born in Charlestown, 1904. . . . Alma Mater: B. C. High '21 and B. C. '25. . . . A.B. from B. C., '25; A.M., '26; and LL.B. from Northeastern, '31. . . . Admitted to bar, 1931. . . . While at B. C. assistant varsity manager of baseball and football, contributing editor to weekly paper . . . has held many odd jobs. . . . Came to B. L. S. to stay in 1927. . . . Faculty Adviser of Art Club. . . . Thinks B. L. S. boy better rounded than formerly and "gratifying improvement in manners." . . . Seeks diversion in bowling, golf, and collecting art prints. . . . Married. . . . Has two boys who are "future Latin School luminaries". . . . Summers at Cape Cod. . . . Resides in Jamaica Plain.



IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY

DEPARTURE

"Go away and quit bothering me! Can't you see I'm busy cleaning house? Besides, this is such a nice day, you ought to be outdoors, getting some exercise, instead of in here pestering me. So, out with you!"

"All right, Ma. I'll go out for a ride."

Thereupon Jack Evans left the room; but not for long.

"Hey, Ma! Where'd you put my pants clips?"

"Oh, they're over on the sideboard, right where *you* left them."

This time, he really was out for good. Down in the cellar he found his bicycle, just as he had left it, upside down, with the back wheel half on. Now, Jack was, as his mother would tell you, a good boy, but this was the last straw! First, his own mother had "thrown him out," and now his "—— bike was all apart." He was, of course, too much riled to stop to think why it wasn't in condition, but he took it for granted that it was due to its "—— cussedness."

When he was again sufficiently calm, he finished putting it together, and, carrying it from the cellar, rode down the street. All went well until he came to Bill's house. He started to whistle, but his tune changed when he was unable to stop. Fortunately, the Jones lawn was slightly sloping, so that his velocity was at the minimum when the front porch "came up and threw" him from his bike.

This incident also was the fault of the bicycle. It certainly couldn't be Jack's fault that the brake arm was missing!

By this time Bill Jones was standing in the driveway, so convulsed with laughter that he could hardly hold up his

bicycle. But Bill was a level-headed chap, heavier, darker, stronger, more sensible, and less impulsive than Jack. Hence, it was he who first recovered and who suggested taking their bicycles to Jack's house. And they arrived there just in time. For they opened the Evans' cellar door just as Jack's mother was about to lock it after her careless son; an act which always made Jack angry, for it took a few extra steps to go around to unlock it.

However, everything can't go wrong; and, by Bill's directions, the two bicycles were finally ready for the road.

ON THE ROAD

It wasn't long after that that they were actually on their way. But, upon realizing this, they suddenly became aware that they had forgotten something, after all. They had forgotten to decide where they were going.

Thereupon, they held one of those split-second, on-the-spot, "council-of-war"-type debates, as to their destination. Oh, no! they didn't stop for it. They didn't even think of stopping! If they had stopped, they'd have lost valuable time. (Granting, of course, that they were going in the right direction.) So they rode on, talking, arguing, trying to reach a decision.

In time, as is to be expected, the discussion became heated. And, inevitably, even "Bill" forgot to be careful. But they did keep their eyes on the road, so they didn't hit anything.

"Bill" was saying, "I tell you, we were there just last week, and I don't want to go to the same place so often."

"But, gosh! We had a swell time, didn't we? You said so yourself, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but can't you see that if we went there today, and did the very things that were such fun a week ago, it would be awfully dry? It's like anything else; it's fun while it's new, but, after a while, you get sick of it."

"Okay! You win! But where do you want to go?"

"I'll tell you. For over a year, now, I've wanted to go to the 'haunted cave'. Why not go there now?"

"Well, all right. I hope you know what you're talking about. I have to admit that last week's trip was your idea. Let's—"

"Look out!"

Good advice, but too late! The truck was almost upon them. Bill had time to turn to the side of the road; but Jack, interested as he was in what he was saying, didn't catch the full import of his chum's two expressive words. But he looked up, and, seeing the truck, deftly swerved to the side. The truck whizzed by, missing him by inches, but he hadn't counted on the ditch by the roadside being full of broken whiskey bottles!

DIRECTIONS

However, Bill helped him to make the best of a bad situation, and between the two of them, they hauled the bicycle out of the ditch. Fortunately, Bill had a tire patching kit with him, and this they applied. And so, by removing the back wheel, taking off the tire, patching the tube in several places, putting it back on again, and repeating the whole process on the front wheel, they were again ready for the road. They rode on in silence for a time, having apparently learned a lesson from the truck incident. But, being boys, they couldn't keep quiet long. It was Jack who broke the silence.

"Say, Bill. Tell me all about this 'haunted cave'."

"Well, I don't know much about it

myself, because I've never been there. I only know what I was told about it."

"In the first place, how far away is it?"

"Oh, from what Jim tells me, it must be some three or four miles from home, or between two and three miles from here. What else do you want to know?"

"Why do they call it 'haunted cave'?"

"Jim says that once, when he was there with his big brother, he heard all kinds of sounds, like faint singing sounds, almost like muffled cries, and the tramping of feet, and,—and everything. Besides, it's so big, and dark, and spooky, he says it must be haunted."

"If you've never been there, how do you know you'll be able to find it?"

"Jim again. He told me how to go. He said to go out this parkway until I got to an old deserted mill, then to turn off on the first trail to the right, and to follow that a mile or so, until I came to a small stream with a broken-down bridge over it. There he said I'd find several paths, leading in all directions, and for me to take the one that was all grown over with moss, or else the one with the loose rocks, for both, he said, lead the same place."

"But what's the difference? One must be shorter, or easier, or something."

"As a matter of fact, he did say something about that. He said the one with the moss was the longer, but the rocky one was the more difficult."

"We'd better take the long, easy one, hadn't we?"

"Yes, the other is probably too hard to get our bikes through, and we may have trouble with 'em anyway."

"Say, doesn't that look like an old, deserted mill?"

"You bet it is! I saw it, but wanted to let you have a chance to spot it yourself!"

"Oh, yeah! I'll just bet you did! It's just like you to try to lie out of it,

whenever someone is quicker than you!"

"Okay! Have it your way! What we've got to do is be on the lookout for that trail."

"LET'S GO!"

"Here's a path, just beyond the mill. Do you suppose that could be the trail Jim spoke of?"

"I don't think so. He spoke as if it were a good-sized trail, not a little path and I think it is farther away from the building. Let's leave the bikes here and look for the trail."

Following Bill's instructions, they left their bicycles behind a clump of flaming red sumach, a good camouflage for their red bicycles. Then they began to make a tour of the grounds, but had not proceeded very far when Jack came to a sudden stop.

"Say," he said, "did you hear that?"

"No, I didn't hear anything. What did it sound like?"

"I thought I heard somebody walking around in there, but that couldn't be; for you said it was deserted, and it certainly looks that way. Skip it; I was probably just imagining things."

A few steps more, and Jack again stood frozen in his tracks.

"There, I'm sure I heard it that time!"

"You're right, I heard it myself this time. But who could be in there?"

"I don't know, but there's something mighty strange about this. Here is an old mill, all ready to fall apart, with the windows boarded up and everything, and we both hear noises in there."

"Yeah, you're right. There is something strange, and we're going to find out what it is. But don't talk so loudly, whoever is in there might hear us."

So saying, he motioned his friend to put his shoulder to the wall, and found that, by standing on this, his eyes were just on a level with a window. Fortunately, this window, although it had been boarded like the rest, was partially open, due to the rotting of the wood.

"Well," whispered Jack, "don't keep me in suspense. Tell me what you see."

"Okay. But let me down first!"

"All right, now, what did you see?"

"There's only one room on this floor, and I could see everything in it. It is, as we thought, only an old mill, containing just what you'd expect. In the far corner is what's left of a writing-desk. The floor is caved in in the center, where the machinery weighed it down. There is no cellar, as the ground is plainly visible through the debris in the middle of the floor. In the other far corner is a ladder leading upstairs, and, if we are careful, we can get over to it, and climb up."

"Well, shall we try it? Do you think we'd get in trouble? Will the ladder hold? Did you hear any more voices? Do you think there are men upstairs? Do you think they have heard us? Do you—"

"Take it easy! I don't know the answers to any of your questions, but I'm game to take a chance and go up, if you are."



"Well, of course. I'll go anywhere with you!"

"Okay, you boost me up first, then I'll help you in. Let's go!"

A SURPRISE

"Careful, there, Jack! Okay, I guess I can make it now!"

"Tell me. What do you see?"

"Nothing new. Just what I told you I saw from the window."

"All right, now help me in. Careful. Okay, pull me up easy. All right, I'm in now, thanks!"

"Now to get over to the ladder!"

Concluding this whispered conversation, they followed Bill's suggestion, although the going was none too easy, due to the rottenness of the timbers and planking of the floor. But, by keeping close to the wall, they arrived at the foot of the ladder without mishap, and Bill said:

"Okay, quiet now! I'll go up first, you wait here 'till I tell you it's safe to come up!"

A few rungs up, Bill stopped suddenly, hearing a creaking noise above him. But, as it was not repeated, he again took up the ascent. Halfway up the ladder, and, following a sharp creaking sound, Bill fell back. But, immediately realizing what had occurred, that the rung had snapped, he clung to the one he had his hand on, and regained his footing. All this happened so quickly that Jack didn't have a chance to shout anything; in fact, he hardly saw what had occurred. But he did hear, but so did the mysterious person upstairs, as a voice almost immediately broke out:

"Keep away from here, whoever you are, I warn you!"

Although at first taken aback by the suddenness of the outburst, Bill quickly regained his composure, reassuring himself that no one with so shaking a voice could be very dangerous, and answered:

"Who are you?"

But the voice countered, "Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"I'm Bill Jones, from West Hillsburg. Who are you, and what are you doing up there?"

"Okay, come on up, and I'll tell you. You sound as though you can be trusted. Are you alone?"

"No, my pal, Jack Evans is here with me."

"Bring him along, and come on up."

Accordingly, the two friends climbed the ladder, and were soon facing three boys in the small loft of the old mill. The awkward silence was finally broken by the boy who had first spoken to our friends when they were downstairs.

"My name," he said, "is Mike O'Laney; this is Joe Blake, and the other is Ray Sheils. We live over in East Augren, a mile or two west of here."

"You live nearer here than we do. We've never been here before. Do you come here often?"

"Yeah. What did you say your name is? Are you Bill?"

"Yeah, I'm Bill Jones, and this is Jack Evans."

"Well, Bill, as I said, we do come here often. You see, this is our clubhouse."

"Do you ever see anyone around here?"

"No, that's why we were kinda scared when we heard you down there."

"Did you ever hear of a big cave around here?"

"A cave?" No, can't say as I have. Ever hear of one, you fellows?"

Both his companions shook their heads. Bill went on:

"Well, we heard of one, called the 'haunted cave'. I guess it's a mile or two from here. That's where we're going. You fellows want to come along?"

"You bet!"

"Sure thing, sounds swell!"

"If they want to, why not?"

IN THE WOODS

And so, once it was decided, they wasted no time in getting started. There being five boys, and only two bicycles, they hid these in the deep bushes, where they could be easily gotten when they were wanted. They walked along in silence for a while, each wondering, in his own mind, how they would find the "haunted cave", and why it was called "haunted".

But, if you have ever seen a group of five boys, alone in the woods, you would know that silence cannot endure long. And, as it is to be expected, it was impetuous Jack that broke the sylvan stillness.

"Are you sure we didn't pass the stream? Seems we've gone more than a mile."

"Use your brain!" interposed Bill. "We couldn't have passed a stream with a brokendown bridge without knowing it!"

This cold logic quieted Jack's fears or doubts, and all was quiet until they burst from a thicket and were confronted by a stream, some four feet wide, rapidly flowing, although not at its full, spanned by a dilapidated log bridge.

"There it is!" shouted Jack, not the first to see it, but the first to gather its significance. "I told you it wasn't much further!"

"Yeah! Sure seems you were right, except that it was your feet rather than your sixth sense that said we were nearing the spot!"

This was said by Bill, who, of the four, knew Jack the best; but the others had already found out that Jack liked to think he was better than he was, and didn't mind if others thought so too! So they agreed, and Jack let it go at that.

"This is the place, all right," said Bill, "and there are the paths Jim spoke of. Let's see, he said to take the one with the moss, or the rocky one."

Joe Blake and Ray Sheils had hitherto been rather quiet, but now, as if to make up for their previous taciturnity, they both broke in at once, "What's the difference? They both go the same place, don't they?"

"Yeah, they do," said Bill, "but Jim told me the rocky one was shorter, and the mossy one easier. It's up to you fellows to decide which one we take."

"I say, take the rock one," said Jack, "'cause that one will be more fun!"

"I'll tell you what," put in the practical Bill. "Let's have a vote on it. Jack wants the rocky one. How about you, Mike?"

"I say the rocky one!"

"And you, Joe?"

"The easy one, the one with the moss. My feet are sore!"

"How about you, Ray?"

"The rocky one seems the best to me. I like to climb on rocks and things."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me, and with you fellows it's three to one in favor of the rocks. That means the rocks it is!"

Joe didn't complain, saying he didn't really care, and had said the moss just to see what the rest would say. So they went on, now chatting merrily, now arguing, now lapsing into silence. During the course of the walk, Jack was heard to say, "Sure is lucky we left our bikes back there! We'd never get them through here!"

And he was right, too. It was all they could do to get through themselves, so overgrown was it, in some places, and rocky in others.

But they kept on hiking, with a step never quite a run, but never slackening. Once Jack put up a howl for water, which was quickly outlawed with the correct, but none too encouraging admonition that he should have thought of that back at the stream.

But Fortune doesn't always mete out punishment as justly, or as lavishly, as she does rewards, for almost immediately a spring was sighted, from which all were only too glad to sip. You see, they too had felt the effects of their neglect to make the best of all that was given them; namely, the stream.

EXPLORATION

Their thirst quenched, they went on, now much more talkative than before, and all very much excited over the prospects of exploring a haunted cave. The conversation centered about Bill, who was kept busy trying to answer the multitudinous questions put to him by his curious companions, concerning the nature of the cave. All realized that they were nearing their destination, and Bill proposed sending ahead a scout. All at once volunteered to carry out this op-

eration, and it was decided to settle it by drawing lots.

Accordingly, Bill pulled up five golden-rod stalks, broke them off even, and then broke one in half. Turning his back, he placed them in his hand so that the protruding ends were even, the others concealed in his hands.

"Okay, fellows, all of you choose a stick, and the one taking the short one will go ahead!"

Then they all took their pick: Mike first, then Joe, and Ray next. All these three being long, it was up to Jack to decide whether he or Bill was to go ahead. Closing his eyes, he seized one at random, and, upon examining it, found it to be the short one. Thus it was settled, and Jack went on ahead.

But he soon returned, bearing the tidings the others were all waiting for. He had spotted the cave!

(To be concluded next month)



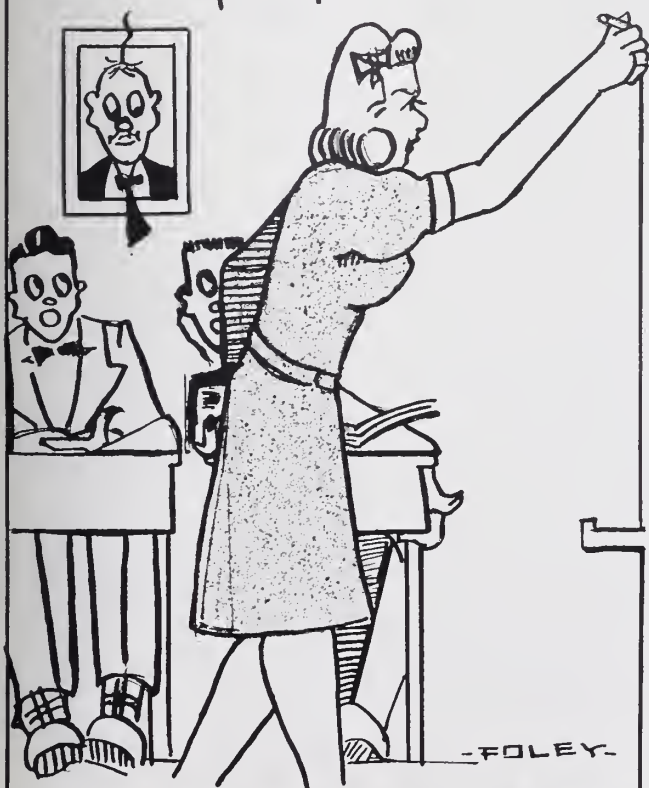
THE LAPLANDER

A sixth-classman entered a trolley-car
 And firmly grasped a strap;
 And every time the car slowed down,
 He sat in a different lap.
 The stops grew much more frequent;
 The starting became much worse,
 Till at last he gasped, with a wide, wide
 smile,
 "Will somebody kindly tell me, please,
 How many laps to the mile?"

—DAVID F. BRAYTON, '44.

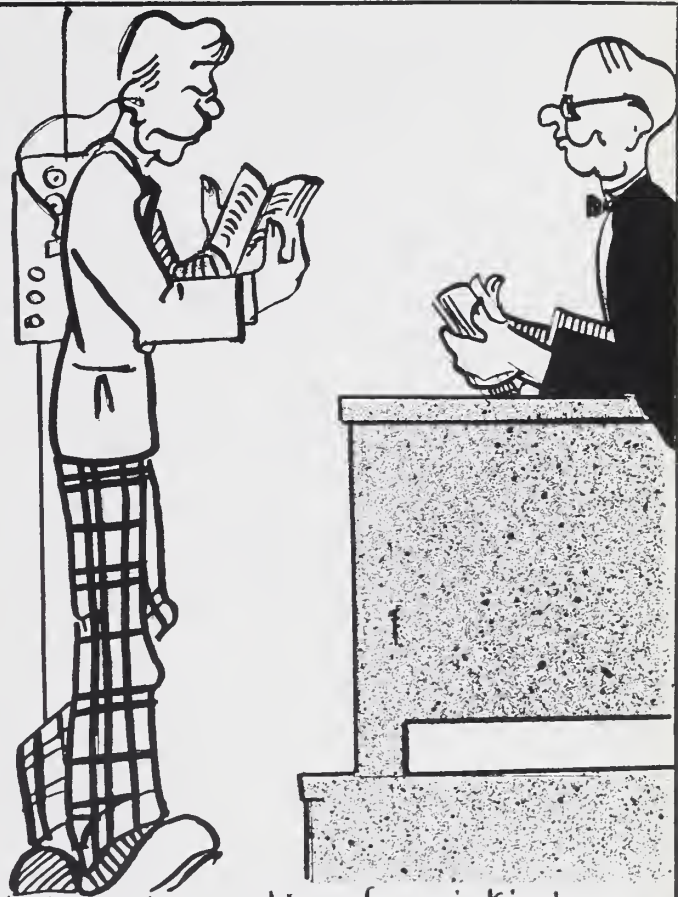


An average "student" getting
An average report card !!!



-FOLEY-

Here's one way to brighten
up, yes, even an English period!



Latest invention for picking up
flying answers and translation!



No, it isn't "the Ancient Mariner"
but Mr. Cheetham showing his
class how to find the "angle of
elevation" between "114" and the third
window from the left at Simmons!

COMMUNIQUE

"London, January 7, 1941. A large German airforce, attempting to attack a convoy, was intercepted by a squadron of Spitfires. Fifteen enemy planes were shot down. Our air force suffered slight losses."

We read the same statement almost every day. But here is the story behind it:

"Bzz, bzz," rang the telephone in the room of Squadron Leader Ross. Jumping quickly from the cot, on which he was resting, Ross lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Ross speaking."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Five minutes—course 8-7-0,—Convoy—yes, sir—goodbye, sir."

He hung up and then pressed a button beside the telephone. In a few moments, the airdrome was alive with motion. The place trembled with the roar of eight Spitfire engines.—Nelson Ross quickly put on his flying togs and stepped out into the hangar.

There they were—seven boys like him, each ready to defend with their very life their homeland, England, however great the threat might be.

A few instructions and each climbed into his ship. The doors of the camouflaged hangar were opened. The concrete runway stretched in front. Ross opened the throttle. The Spitfire roared onto the runway and off into the sky. Then another plane, and another plane, and another.

At ten thousand feet, the squadron assembled. The squadron leader, his earphones on, directed the course. The

planes winged toward the North Atlantic.

Within twenty minutes, Nelson Ross perceived below him the convoy, ploughing its way through the cold, murky water toward the British Isles, many carrying the lifeblood of R.A.F.—oil. He signaled the squadron, swooped low over an escorting destroyer to inform them of their arrival, and then zoomed back to the stratosphere to rejoin his buddies.

"A large German airforce, attempting to attack a convoy—"—About ten minutes later it happened. About twenty German airplanes appeared on the horizon. Unaware of the protecting Spitfires hidden in the clouds the Nazis swarmed toward the scantily protected convoy, hoping easily to send every ship to the bottom and to claim another triumph over Britain.

"—" was interrupted by a squadron of Spitfires—" The Nazi forces were almost over the merchant men, when the squadron leader gave the signal. Down upon the Germans streaked the eight little Britishers, a message of hatred and defiance flaming forth from each machine gun.

"Fifteen enemy planes were shot down. —Our airforce suffered slight losses."—Five Nazis plummeted in flames towards the murky blue. Recovering from their astonishment, the Germans joined battle.

Amid the occasioned bursts of an A.A. shell from the guns of a destroyer, a dog-fight ensued. A British defender was on the tail of a Nazi. The next moment, vice versa.

Nelson Ross now caught, out of the corner of his eye, a German bomber and fighter riddled with bullets crash into the sea. The chatter of machine-gun bullets filled the air. Now a Spitfire, now a Messerschmitt were falling in flames.

Then through the glass the S.L. saw a German maneuvering into position on Plane Six.

"Plane six—dive—enemy on rear." he snapped into the "mike."

He had saved Plane Six but while attempting to do so, he had overlooked his own peril; for now a Messerschmitt was on his own tail. He tried to get out of the withering fire. But the enemy, intent on avenging the bomber, which Ross had just downed, stuck like glue. German bullets imbedded themselves around the cockpit.—The Squadron leader gasped his last and slumped over

the controls. The Spitfire, deprived of its guiding hand, tailspinned downwards and was gone.

The German air squadron, which was now reduced to a few planes, turned and fled from the remaining Spitfires. Their intended devastation had not resulted. The convoy safely continued toward the Isles.—

So reads a communique; but the communique has only twenty-six words—a tiny epitaph to heroes who fought and died.

—LOUIS ISENBERG, 203, '42.

SEEING RED

Red marks and *Blue* marks,

Yet none in between. . . .

Why shouldn't *Fifties*

Stand out in bright *Green*?

Hundreds make good scores;

While *Sixties* will, too.

No variation

Appears in the *Blue*!

Garish, bright *Yellow*

Might grace perfect marks.

This ink may be rare;

Still . . . so are the "Sharks!"

The color scheme taunts;

For *Red* is too bright

To publish results

Of that study-less night!

With *RED* one is *BLUE*.

What joy 'tis to think

That digits of *BLUE*

Puts one in the *PINK*!

SUMNER L. SHAPIRO, '43.

GOOD LUCK, MR. PENNYPACKER

Throughout the glorious history of our school it has not been uncommon for students and masters to volunteer during a national crisis. Recently, Mr. Thomas Pennypacker, late of Room 108, was called from the pleasant duties of teaching French and German to assume the duties of lieutenant-commander in the Communications branch of the U. S. Navy. Our distinguished master has been assigned to active duty at the U. S. Naval Station at Newport, R. I. His ultimate destination is uncertain, but Mr. Pennypacker is eager and ready for whatever may be his lot. He has pursued his bent for radio and code-deciphering as a member of the Naval Reserve ever since his enlistment in the last World War.

Faculty and student body unite to wish him the best of luck, confident that he will have the same success in his new field that he has had here.

WHERE IS OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

Have Latin School boys "school spirit"? It is a question often put to us. If we are to answer honestly, we must do considerable thinking on the subject.

Let us first take sports into consideration. In comparison with other activities, football is well supported. Usually a good crowd shows up at every scheduled game, and on Thanksgiving we're there *en masse* at the English game, yelling the chant "Go, Go, Go!" as the Latin team sweeps goalward. But if there were no early dismissal for the earlier football games they would probably be supported as track, hockey, and baseball are, which are given little or no support from the stands.

Now let us look at another extracurricular activity—debating. At the majority of debates, usually less than ten rows of seats are filled, and students are "coralled" for the more important debates by teachers' offering from five to ten extra points for purchasing a ticket. In this activity, the upper classmen are more at fault than the younger boys, for the lower classmen look to them for an example in school spirit. It struck a very unusual and plaintive note in the author to see at the recent Harvard Freshman debate only about two score Seniors, some thirty-five of whom came merely for the extra points offered. Apparently, the rest of the class had little or no interest in one of the most important extra-curricular activities.

The REGISTER is an example of Latin School indifference. Time and time again Mr. Marson has to hold back the deadline for lack of submitted material. The business staff lacks students for getting advertisements, on experience invaluable to boys contemplating business as a career. Also it is with regret that we must state, that many students are not interested in making the "REGISTER", the oldest schoolboy publication in the Western Hemisphere, also the best.

In contrast to the three major aforementioned activities, dramatics is unusually well supported. About seventy-five boys yearly try out for parts in the annual production, the play is always presented to a full house. The reasons are many.

On the whole we must conclude that *Latin School boys do not support as they should, the outside activities of the school. It is high time that they wake up.*

A WORD OF CAUTION

To the many boys within the School who are licensed drivers, we believe a word of caution is advisable in early spring, when so many cars appear on the roads for the first time. Our own Mr. Kozodoy and the members of the Highway Safety Club have done much to exert a restraining influence. In the event that a few boys that have escaped this vigilant group, however, we send forth this plea: Do not kill or injure through carelessness or selfishness, and thus bring censure upon youthful drivers.

We all realize that many believe that the minimum age-limit for procuring a license should be raised. It is apparent, therefore, that if we are to maintain the privileges now granted to us, we must be extremely cautious in our behavior on the highways.

On the other hand, it is obvious that the problem of highway safety cannot be solved by the driver alone. We therefore urge all boys who are pedestrians or who operate bicycles and similar vehicles to be reasonable in their actions. Do your part to end the unnecessary toll of lives on the roads of our Commonwealth.

LET'S BE SENSIBLE

In recent months, we have seen the birth of a foolish belief among many reckless youths: that, in the light of world events, further concentration upon their studies is useless, since they shall soon be inducted into the armed forces of the land, regardless of their scholastic attainments. Such an attitude can be the object of only the deepest contempt, for we must realize that in this crisis America needs leaders of intelligence and fortitude, and education will be, as it has always been, the greatest influence in producing such men.

We must remember that knowledge, once gained, can never be taken from us, whether we use it in a pursuit of our own choosing or are forced to use it in defense of all that we cherish.

The Latin School has, since 1635, produced American leaders. For centuries the destiny of our great nation has often been in the hands of alumni of our school. Let every student now denounce the cringing, despicable doctrines of the pessimist. Let us show the world that we are ready, willing, and able, as always, to give our best efforts in whatever manner circumstances demand.

CALLING ALL EPICURES OF CLASSES I AND II

On the evening of May 1 at 8 p.m., in the sumptuous surroundings of the Hotel Lenox, the Senior Class celebrates its annual banquet. This year it promises to be an event of importance—delicious food, celebrated and entertaining speakers, a good band, and, of course, a choice gathering of guests. All Glover-ites, at least, should attend, for it may be our last opportunity to hear our beloved instructor and friend speak at a school affair. It is an affair for Seniors, but Second Classmen will not be denied admission. In the final reckoning the dollar seventy-five cost is a profit-bearing investment.

CONGRATULATIONS

The REGISTER staff wishes to congratulate the editorial boards and advisers of the E.H.S. *Record* and the D.H.S. *Item* on the occasion of their winning of first prize in their respective classes (3000-3500 pupils and 1500-2500) in the contest conducted for members of the Columbia University Scholastic Press Association. (The REGISTER, we hasten to add, is not a member; therefore, not eligible to compete.)



ALUMNI

Howard Lindsay, B.L.S. '07, and the leading contemporary playwright from Boston and vicinity, occupied most of the column "Boston After Dark" on March 27. (As the reader will remember, Lindsay was the co-author of "Life With Father" and the co-producer of "Arsenic and Old Lace"). Lindsay's name at Latin School was Howard Nelke. He was an associate editor of the REGISTER in Class I. Despite his fame as a playwright and producer, Mr. Lindsay still is a loyal son of Latin School and whenever he brings a show to Boston, he invites the Class of 1907, of which Mr. Levine of Room 301 is a member, to be his guest.

. . . Rev. Frank E. Gartland, C.S.C., L.L.S., 1928, is Vocational Director of the Seminary of Our Lady of the Holy Cross at Northeastern, Mass., and a contributor to "Our Sunday Visitor." His special duty is consultation with young men who desire to go into missionary work. . . . Acting as Chairman of the B. L. S.-G.L.S. debate was the Honorable Daniel Lyne, of the class of '06, former President of the Clover Club and outstanding Massachusetts barrister. David M.

Owens, '25, legislative agent of the city of Boston and former gridiron and diamond star at Harvard, rendered capable service as judge.—Those mellifluous words of wisdom flowing from N.B.C. loudspeakers come from none other than ace announcer "Ed" Herlihy, a Latin "grad."—Gleason L. Archer, an outstanding debater in his Ave. Louis Pasteur Class of '34, is now instructing at the Suffolk Law School.—Edward Seltzer, '32, is now acting as assistant to Professor Hooton, world-renowned authority on anthropology.—Carl Foss, B.L.S. '25, fills the office of senior accountant of the S.E.C. Gerard Reilly, '23, at present is the holder of a key position in our full-speed defense program, that of solicitor-general for the Department of Labor. . . . To honor student John Tully, President of his B.L.S. senior class, was entrusted Harvard's reputation in the traditional Yale debate. . . . Norman Ober, '35, who actually made public "dee" an event to be anticipated, is now a rising young thespian. . . . Kevin McCarthy represents B.L.S. on the Holy Cross baseball team.

DO YOU KNOW THAT . . .

It is unfortunate that the REGISTERS of yore did not include a "Lords and Masters" column. The past, as well as the present, has been replete with sparkling, memorable personalities. One who has left his imprint on the records and whose story has served to fill more space in the REGISTER every one of the last few years than any other is a teacher named Sawney. It was his custom to give orders in rhyme. A meager few of his gems have been preserved. Peering through his rough eyebrows with mock ferocity he would declare, "If you'll be good, I'll thank you! If not, I'll spank you." On another occasion, discovering a boy catching flies, the pedagogical bard extemporaneously sang: "If I see any boy eatching flies, I'll whip him till he cries, and make the tears run out his eyes." . . . Many years ago the son of the Grand Duke of Austria attended the Latin School. . . . This year is the sixtieth anniversary of grumbling, stubborn subscribers, and old jokes in Latin School. Sixty years ago the REGISTER was founded. . . . The first high school paper to be published in the country was the Latin School "Literary Journal" of 1829. It now is preserved in the Library. . . . In 1915 there was a room known as "Botany Bay", composed of all those boys who, after three months in the school, were found to be either terribly "stupid" or

stupendously "terrible". This prize group was always given to the newest addition to the faculty, and at the end of the year either the entire division had transferred, or else the Latin School had been compelled to fill a vaeaney in its teaching staff. Its many pranks and comic experiences, however, are left to the imagination, for there remains no record. For further details refer to Mr. Levine, Room 301. His first assignment, when appointed to this faculty, was to tame "Botany Bay". . . . "The old order passeth and gives way to the new" will soon be a reality. This year we are sad to report Mr. Glover will leave the old school. Within two years Mr. Faxon and Mr. Arnold respectively will also reach the age of retirement. . . . We know of at least two good years for the REGISTER in its long history. For whose signatures do we see among the names of past editor-in-chiefs but those of Mr. Paul J. Wenners of Room 116 and Mr. James A. S. Callahan of Room 107? They were editors in 1917 and 1920 respectively. . . . The upper classmen did not always have to brave the dangers of tiny scintillating Sixth Classmen in the corridors. Their serious meditation and study were not always disturbed by raueous shouts and "half-pintish" insolence. In 1930 Class VI was still lodged in the Commerce building across the street. . . .

Mr. Jones: "Your reputation reminds me of Quebec."

Smith: "Why?"

Mr. Jones: "Built on a bluff!"

* * *

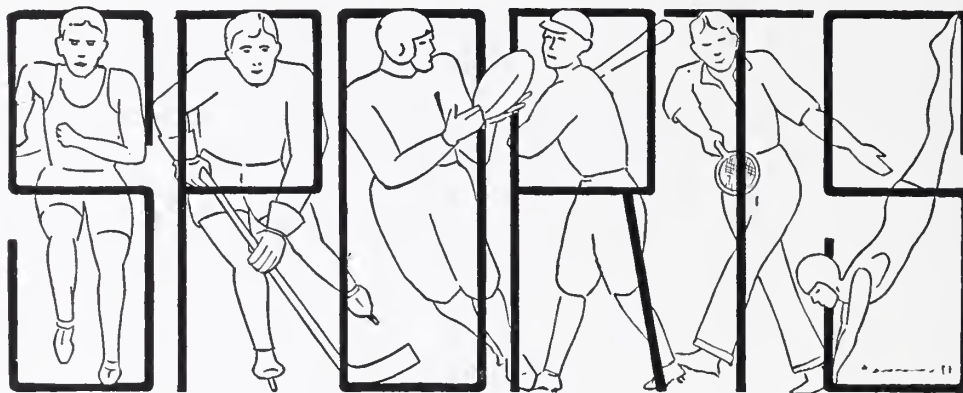
Definition: A monologue is a conversation between a man and his wife.

Teacher: Willie, can you tell me how many seasons there are?

Willie: Two.

Teacher: I don't quite understand. Explain, please.

Willie: The football season and the baseball season.



Baseball Preview

Once again the horsehide has shunted the pigskin and the hockey puck to one side and has stepped "front and center" on the athletic stage. Yes, Spring training is just about over, and the Latin ballhawks are all set to show their wares at the Draper Field orchard. To the club that climaxed a very successful campaign last year by administering a 25-2 thrashing to rival English, only four are lost by graduation and ineligibility; and Coach Fitzgerald feels that there is ample material with which to fill these gaps.

At present, only three positions are not at least tentatively filled. Returning from last year's nine to assume once more their ball-chasing activities in the outfield are "Dave" Slattery and John Kineavy. Slattery shared team batting honors with "Bob" Beyer last season, and, of course, no one has ever accused Kineavy of being helpless up at the plate. "Bill" Connolly is expected to guard the third outer garden post when he is not pitching.

"Johnny" Brosnahan, who was a sophomore sensation until he suffered a leg injury in the Memorial clash, is back to fill the second base slot and to continue the flossy fielding he displayed last year. Third base will probably be guarded by "Tommy" Sullivan, erstwhile outfielder,

who took up infielding when Brosnahan was injured. "Jim" Gorman leads the flock of aspirants for the shortstop position, but he is being hard pressed by "Johnny" Gill and Paul Murphy. The first base situation is still unsettled, but there is the possibility that Kineavy may be drafted to fill this important spot.

"Joe" Kruger and "Eddie" Zawalich are engaged in a good-natured battle for top back-stopping honors, with Larry Coshnear a third contender. In any case, Latin will be assured of high-grade catching in the following campaign. "Bill" Connolly, twice selected for All-Scholastic twirling honors, heads the mound staff, which includes veterans Brendon Reilly, "Jack" Connolly, and "Bob" Slattery as well as several promising newcomers.

An imposing schedule has been gathered together by Manager Larry Redgate, and Coach Fitzgerald's nine is rarin' to go. The schedule is as follows:

April 24, Jamaica Plain; April 28, Trade; May 1, Roslindale; May 3, St. Mark's; May 5, Harvard Freshmen; May 7, Brookline; May 9, B. C. High; May 10, Brockton; May 14, Roxbury Memorial; May 17, Lawrence Academy; May 19, Commerce; May 22, Mechanic Arts; May 24, Groton; May 29, Dorchester; June 4, Brighton; June 6, Charlestown; June 14, English.

Latin Romps at Armory

The Purple and White track representatives hit their winning stride for the first time in the current campaign, and the lads really put on a superlative exhibition as they set a season's record for total points while submerging Dorchester and Commerce in their annual get-together.

Latin built up an early lead by amassing 82 points in the field events and then added 131 more in the track program to collect a grand total of 213 points, while Dorchester and Commerce garnered 71 and 69 points, respectively. Latin's all-around power is best illustrated by the statistics which show that B.L.S. speedsters gained 15 "firsts" in the 21 running events, and in Class D captured 40 out of a possible 53 points.

Breaking the Tape

CLASS A

- 50-yard hurdles—Won by Slattery (L); second, Agabion (L); third, Coan (L); fourth, White (D). Time—7.4 sec.
- 50-yard dash—Won by O'Brien (L); second, Dunn (C); third, Morrisroe (D); fourth, McKeever (C). Time—6 sec.
- 300-yard run—Won by Sullivan (C); second, Petkauskas (L); third, Levine (D); fourth, Cutter (D). Time—37 sec.
- 600-yard run—Won by Lee (L); second, Curry (C); third, Cody (L). Time—1 m. 30 s.
- 1000-yard run—Won by Ridgeley (L); second, Curran (L); third, Santiano (C); fourth, Conley (D). Time—2m. 42.6 s.
- Relay Race—Latin (Lee, O'Brien, Ridgeley, Petkauskas) vs. Commerce (Sullivan, Dunn, Clifford, Currie) vs. Dorchester (Morrisroe, Cutter, White, Levine). Won by Latin; second, Com-

merce; third, Dorchester. Time—1 m. 25 s.

CLASS B

- 50-yard hurdles—Won by Tibbetts (C); second, Purcell (D); third, Alfano, (L); fourth, Morris (L). Time—6.6 s.
- 50-yard dash—Won by Canner (L); second, Murphy (L); third, Salvador (D); fourth, Flaherty (L). Time—6 s.
- 300-yard run—Won by Ring (C); second, Woolfson (L); third, Kelley (L); fourth, Connors (D). Time—36.6 s.
- 600-yard run—Won by Kelley (L); second, Balcunus (C); third, Cheverie (L); fourth, Moore (C). Time—1 m. 26.8 s.
- Relay Race—Latin (Kelley, Murphy, Woolfson, Cheverie) vs. Commerce (Talmanian, Tibbetts, Ring, Balcunus) vs. Dorchester (Connors, Gilchrist, Salvador, Purcell). Won by Commerce; second, Latin; third, Dorchester. Time—1 m. 24 s.

CLASS C

- 50-yard hurdles—Won by Lippman (C); second, Feldman (L); third, McAuliffe (L); fourth, Howard (L). Time—7 s.
- 50-yard dash—Won by Altshuler (D); second, Barker (D); third, Decker (D); fourth, Trainer (D). Time—6 s.
- 220-yard run—Won by Laskin (L); second, Stuart (D); third, Moylan (C); fourth, Foley (C). Time—26.6 s.
- 440-yard run—Won by Sullivan (L); second, Burns (L); third, Harrison (L); fourth, Hession (C). Time 59.4 s.
- Relay race—Commerce (Hession, Lippman, Foley, Moylan) vs. Latin (Laskin, Greeley, McAuliffe, Burns) vs. Dorchester (Altshuler, Howard, Trainer, Stuart). Won by Latin; second, Commerce; third, Dorchester. Time—1 m. 25 s.

CLASS D

- 50-yard hurdles—Won by Wharton (L); second, Beers (L); third, Morello (C);

fourth, Slakutis (L). Time—7.4 s.
 50-yard dash—Won by Weiner (L);
 second, Nickerson (C); third, Brenner,
 (L); fourth, Sank (L). Time—6.25.
 176-yard run—Won by Gallagher (L);
 second, Pepi (L); third, Siegal (L);
 fourth, Grossman (D). Time—22.6 s.
 220-yard run—Won by Parsons (L);
 second, Le Vine (L); third, Pearl (D);
 fourth, Linehan (D). Time—26.8s.
 Relay race—Commerce (Linehan, Mor-
 ello, Fitzgerald, O'Connell) vs. Latin
 (Levine, Siegel, Gallagher, Parsons)
 vs. Dorchester (Pearl, Brass, Stern,
 Grossman). Won by Latin; second,
 Commerce; third, Dorchester. Time—
 1 m. 27.6 s.

Shot Put

Class A—Won by Sullivan (C); second,
 Lee (L); third, McLaughlin (C). Dis-
 tance—38 ft. 2¼ in.
 Class B—Won by Woolfson (L); second,
 Ring (C); third, Moore (L); fourth,
 Appel (D). Distance—49 ft.
 Class C—Won by Coshnear (L); second,
 Monroe (L); third, Gill (L); fourth,
 Noonan (L). Distance—48 ft. 8½ in.
 Class D—Won by Adamovitz (L); sec-
 ond, Murmes (L); third, Fougere (C);
 fourth, Pearl (D). Distance—52 ft.
 9½ in.

Standing Broad Jump

Class A—Won by O'Brien (L); second,
 Levine (D); third, Ridgley (L); fourth,
 Morrison (D). Distance—8 ft. 9¼ in.
 Class B—Won by Canner (L); second,
 Purcell (D); third, Salvador (D);
 fourth, Flynn (L). Distance 8 ft. 10 in.
 Class C—Won by Trainor (D); second,
 Dunkleman (D); third, Burns (L);
 fourth, Deker (D). Distance—8 ft.
 Class D—Won by Brenner (L); second,
 tie between Siegal and Levine, both of
 Latin; fourth, Donovan L). Distance
 8 ft. 4¾ in.

Latin Third in Reggies

Two of the most powerful track aggre-
 gations in high school ranks fought it out
 on the Armory boards in the annual Regi-
 mentals; and it was English High School
 which emerged the victor in a hair-raising
 win over rival Mechanic Arts by the
 narrow margin of 5½ points. Latin nosed
 out South Boston by 1 point to capture
 third place with a total of 34.

Although Mechanic Arts and English
 High stole most of the thunder, the
 Purple and White runners put on a very
 creditable performance. The medley
 relay quartet of O'Brien, Kelley, Laskin,
 and Parsons really "burned up the
 boards" as they conquered a formidable
 field in fast time. Latin's lone points in
 Class A were furnished by "Bob"
 O'Brien, who gained a second place tie
 in the 50-yard dash. The B.L.S. runners
 were blanked in Class B; but in Class C
 "Bart" Burns took fourth place in the
 "440"; and the relay team snatched third
 in their specialty.

Latin's forte this year has been Class
 D, and the Reggies gave further proof of
 this fact. "Cliff" Wharton took a third
 in the hurdles. In the "220", the inde-
 fatigable Parsons and LeVine finished one,
 two; and the midget relay foursome of
 Gallagher, LeVine, Pepi, and Siegal cap-
 tured first place in the final feature.

The Regimentals, of course, bring to
 an end indoor track festivities. The
 squad can certainly look back on a suc-
 cessful campaign, marked by stiff skirm-
 ishes with the track titans of Mechanic
 Arts and English, and decisive triumphs
 over Commerce, Dorchester, Trade, and
 Memorial.

Rough and Smooth

While the Purple and White athletic
 fans may have allowed their interest in
 tennis to wane during the winter months,

the management has not been idle. Matches have been arranged with the better teams in the vicinity, and the following schedule promises many an exciting match:

May 1, Memorial
 May 2, Belmont
 May 6, Dorchester
 May 9, Brookline
 May 13, Tufts Freshmen
 May 16, Huntington
 May 20, Browne and Nichols
 May 20, Brighton
 May 23, Roxbury Latin
 May 27, English
 May 29, Milton

In addition, the team has been asked to participate in the Winchester Invitation Tournament to be held on May 24.

The "ladder system" of selecting the team was introduced as an experiment last fall and proved to be so successful that it will be employed in future years. The team boasts three second year men

in Branche, Greenspan, and J. E. Higgins. Ably managed by Hy Chait, Coleman Goldberg, and Bob Higgins, the team is made up as follows:

1. Branche
2. Greenspan
3. J. E. Higgins
4. Chait
5. Auerbach
6. McNamee
7. Green
8. Silberberg
9. Dickson
10. LeVine

The team was hard hit when it lost the guiding influence of Mr. Pennypacker upon the latter's departure as a lieutenant-Commander in the Naval Reserve. Those who knew him will not soon forget the help and kindness he extended us all. However, the team still looks forward to one of its best years under Mr. Gordon and Mr. Falvey as faculty advisers.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Feb. 24: Well, back to school again. Wake up, lads!

Feb. 25: The members of Class I are in extremely high spirits because of a very successful mid-winter prom. (However, we cannot vouch for the state of their wallets.)

Fob. 26: Some boys are born stupid; others achieve stupidity with the passing of years; and still others attempt to argue with their masters.

Feb. 27: The philatelists are at it again.

Feb. 28: The day has come. Last call to pay the ten dollars for the Harvard Scholarship Exam. And the last day for the one hundred aspiring scholars to submit their Harvard applications. We hope

that too many hearts won't be broken by rejection slips in mid-July.

March 3: In the Hall today, a white-haired gentleman warned us that graduation day is just around the corner. (To ye R.R.R., that corner seems to be the same one behind which prosperity has been hiding so elusively all these years.)

March 4: Recipe for a certain senior period: Take the following sayings, mix with forty minutes of lecturing, using an abundance of fours, fives, sixes, and eights.

1. It's in the act, kids!
2. Go on! Take half the period for that simple problem.
3. Don't mind him! He can't help it.
4. Nice work, Joe.

5. Kid Stuff.
6. Stick to your shirt, and your shirt will —!
7. Sorry, kids. I do more than my share.
8. No time, Gees. It is later than you think.
9. As long as they don't snore, I don't mind.

March 5: Those boys who have been hiding behind their initials all these years, are now to be exposed. The day for Latinizing the names of the Seniors is at hand.

March 6: Movies of the B.C.-Tennessee football game in technicolor (no less). George Keer, the prominent B.C. guard, gave running comments of the game.

March 7: Nothing new today: Van Teslaar gave another lecture to the Literary Club. (Some day that fellow is going to run out of subjects.) The R.R.R. had some one repeat the talk in monosyllables.

March 10: The loud shriek heard echoing through the halls today emanated from a Senior, who, after sending applications to five colleges, was informed that "any boy applying to more than two colleges before being rejected from one would have his personality record altered."

March 11: Gelerman, one of the "sharks" of last year's graduating class and now at Harvard, came back to his old stamping grounds (The Senior History Club) and gave a talk on the Federal Reserve System.

March 12: Ye R.R.R. was highly "embarrassed," when he demanded his hockey letter on the grounds that he had attended every game. (Perhaps "embarrassed" was not the right word to use, but your Reporter does not want to reveal the fact that he was forcibly ejected from Mr. Fitzgerald's room.)

March 13: *Warning to Second Classmen on Locker Patrol*: It is not the healthiest of practices to ask a Senior for his pass.

March 14: The drums of war, echoing and reëchoing through the world at this time, fill our hearts with foreboding and apprehension. Yet, in spite of all the hardships which our fellow-men are enduring, we cannot help but feel joyous. Who said that Santa Claus was a myth? Who said that the age of miracles has passed? Whoever it was, he would have retracted those statements, had he heard today's announcement: —"No school Monday, March 17, and *No homelessons for Tuesday.*"

March 18: Candidates for the baseball team met for the first time. This meeting would have made it seem like Spring if the snow had only disappeared.

March 19: Boys, take heart! Your masters are not perfect. They, too, have their faults. For instance, take the example of the window pole in Room 206, which is continually being borrowed by certain teachers of neighboring classrooms.

March 20: Room 301 recently released this one for publication:

Question: What do you call a canary after it has gone through a meat-grinder?

Answer: Shredded Tweet.

March 21. The office is beginning to get personal! It wants to know if there are any "mice" in the classrooms. (Ye R.R.R. is of the opinion that there are more "mice" than men.)

March 24: Your Raving Maniac caught one of the less corpulent boys of Class I trying to cheat the scales when he weighed himself. He furtively put his hands in his pockets.

March 25: Captain Casey, of the Boston Police Department, in his talk to

the Highway Safety Club, gave one of the most enjoyable speeches we have heard in a long time. Among the many witty sayings the captain brought along, was this gem: "Boys from the Latin School never are so foolish as to fall off the back of trolley-cars.—This school teaches them to get a better grip on things."

March 26: We hear that Dr. Marnell delivered a swell speech to the Classical Club today.

March 27: Well, well, Mr. Marson! You seem to be growing optimistic in your old age. In today's notice you asked for "artistic—and literary contributions." (I guess that means no R.R.R. column this month.) . . . The Bowdoin College Glee Club gave the Upper Classes a real treat today. May they come again!

March 28: A Latin School Debating Team, consisting of Cikins, Lyne, and Shea, gave a magnificent account of itself, in the Harvard Freshman Debate.

Lyne was judged the best speaker. (A chip off the old block). . . . The lower classes thoroughly enjoyed a concert given by the State Symphony Orchestra. Two successive musicales! Whew!

April 1: the Spring is finally here. How do I, the great R.R.R., know? Yo-Yo's have invaded the third floor of B.L.S.—the entire third floor!

April 2: Hooray! At last the R.R.R. is to lose his fear of drowning. He is taking advantage of the learn-to-swim campaign. [ED. NOTE: If he doesn't learn, this column will be indefinitely cancelled.]

April 3: It seems that the REGISTER Circulation Staff is not satisfied. They are still holding meetings to figure out new ways to haunt us.

April 4: *Heh! Heh! Heh!* REGISTER deadline. But we, the great R.R.R., will defy Mr. Marson and pass this column in late! *Heh! Heh! Heh!*

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